

Paris Produces Many Novelties in Summer Headgear



CROWN-BLUE STRAW TRICORNE HAT, BORDERED WITH DARKER BLUE VELVET AND TRIMMED WITH CROWN-BLUE RIBBON HAVING A TINY WHITE EDGING.



DARK BLUE SATIN TOQUE AND BLUEBIRD, WITH ANTHRENE (FILMY FEATHER STICK-UPS, LIKE INTERROGATION MARKS).



BLACK SATIN TOQUE, WITH BLACK CROSSE TRIMMING. MORE EXPENSIVE THAN IT MIGHT APPEAR AT FIRST GLANCE.



LITTLE GRAY STRAW "NINNICHE," LINED WITH DARKER GRAY SATIN AND ORNAMENTED WITH A "FANTASIE" OF OSTRICH AND PEARLS.



MIDSUMMER HAT OF WHITE SATIN, PARTLY LINED WITH BLACK SATIN, LARGE BLACK VEIL.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, June 11, 1916.
I WENT with a lady to pick summer hats in the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees.

"I want to see them on their heads," she said, "real Paris hats!" We rode through the Acacias before noon, and this is what we saw:

Two fine women in an automobile full of packages.
One wore a blue serge gown combined with black satin, the other a tailored suit in beige faille, the skirt falling in deep double box pleats and trimmed—

"Kindly observe her hat!" the lady interrupted.
It was a black satin toque, round and plain, enlivened by black cross trimmings that stuck out like horns right and left from the top of the crown and parallel with earth and sky. The girl beside her wore a capeline of pale blue crin, trimmed with roses and leaves of the same tint.

A capeline is almost flat. Its brim sags as a buckwheat cake would if you put it on your head while growing cold. (I mean the cake.)
Now came a felt hat, rolling in a taxi

with two wounded officers—a felt hat in midsummer! Marquis form, pale cream color.
"It's all right," explained the lady, while her eyes devoured it. "That marquis was sewed together from bands of felt at some great modiste's, and you'll note there is no trimming—she's just stuck in that big baroque-pearl hat pin. Those felt hats must be in light tints. Now, look there!"

It was a little hat, not walking with a lady friend, all pink-mauve crepe, trimmed with a condor feather of the same. The lady friend wore a straw tri-corne with a lower band of broad velvet, all crown-blue and trimmed with crown-blue ribbon that had a tiny white edging.
We reached the Cascade. On the return trip, she picked a navy blue capeline of feltine (kind of silk, like crepe de chine) lined with dark blue straw and hugged by ivy leaves.

"I observe only new things," she said. (I believe she had an object.)
At Armonville we saw a sailor form of white voile lined with black straw, eating pink shrimps. It was rimmed with white gardenias and ribbon cocardes. Armonville is a restaurant under the trees.

A big white satin sombrero had got to the fish course—it was planked shad. They net them in the Loire, and "planking" came with the war contracts. I was gazing vaguely at a dark blue satin toque like a Hague fireman's

STERLING HEILIG Writes of a Trip Through the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees in Search of Unique Headgear for Women—How the Styles Are Made—Origin of the Felt Hat for Warm Days—The Little Shopgirl Who Started a Fad, But She Did It Through an Accident—Summer Hats for Winter; Winter Hats for Summer—The Wealthy Demand Novelties at All Seasons.

helmet with a blue bird flattened on its front instead of a nicked plaque with a number, when in romped the queerest little gray satin hat I ever saw, shaped like a not squeezed in the middle, and trimmed with flat bands of black ribbon embroidered with roses.
"Aww!" I said.
"No," the lady answered, "those embroidered roses stand out grandly. Look at the angora straw sailor form. Angora straw—another queer hat material for midsummer. Angora straw is straw disguised to look as if it came from the angora sheep. It is white, fuzzy straw, but looks like felt that needs a shave. They make it up in saucy sailor forms, with just a navy blue moire ribbon and knot."

"That's what we pay for," said the lady, with enthusiasm. "The form is a wonder. See the broad brim. I must note the crown's height. Would you

say five inches? It is impossible to get away from sailor forms, you can't deny it. Come along to the Ambassadeurs where it's more elegant."
She was unjust to Armonville, sylvan restaurant, beneath the shade. There were forty hats we might have seen there, but the lady was nervous. She feared that something might get away from the ultra-prosperous restaurant and tearooms of the Champs Elysees, and ate there. We had time to look around us.
At the Ambassadeurs we saw very much the same things that we had noted in the Bois de Boulogne. We saw capelines made of tulle, with velvet foundation and no trimming. Around the crown (if you can speak of a capeline's crown) was a simple little ribbon, like that of a man's hat,

only softer. All their style is in the form and making. Capeline, I tell you, is like a very immense buckwheat cake which you put on your head while it is cooling. Naturally, the sagging weight of its big brim would form a species of crown, while the brim falls gracefully limp.
Capelines of crin.
Capelines of wig.
We saw both kinds—and—
"Great Caesar!" I said, "look at that one."
A capeline of felt!
In midsummer.
"It's all right," said the lady who was eating the lunch I paid for. "I have heard of those felt capelines. They are the very latest, great flat falling brims of felt, made specially for midsummer. Of course, they're in light tints, pale blue, pale mauve, gray and cream. Look at that woman!"

Certainly, she was elegant.
These capelines have no trimming, practically, whether they be of crin, straw, silk or felt. Hers was adorned with a simple band of felt of the same tint.
"Not a band," the lady shuddered, "a strap! Can't you realize that a felt strap is just grand, while a band is banal!" (especially in hot weather).
I was looking at a marquis hat upon a lovely woman's head. It was a big marquis of black taffetas lined with velvet, lurching with a colonel.
"They're all crazy," I said. "Taffetas lined with velvet for midsummer!"
"Yes," replied the lady fervently, "they make them in all colors—blue,

black, brown, crown blue and dark green. I have heard about them, but I didn't expect to see them out so soon."
"They are really for the dog days," I suggested.
"Yes," she answered, "don't you see there is no trimming." The ladies just stick in a big hat pin."
I myself began to rubber. One catches interest in this sort of thing, as the poet says, like a forward infant stilled by super-dandling, especially when it is beaten into you with a club.

I saw a buxom blonde in a big sailor form of linen, cool, pale rose, diaphanous and sweetly, bloddily, femininely summerish. That vaporous linen must be sustained by invisible wires.
"Now, there's the hat for me!" I said.
"Yes," she replied distrait, "it ought to be real nice for autumn or winter."

Of course, she didn't think what she was saying, but she almost meant it. That is where we're getting.
Summer hats for winter, winter hats for summer, the fashion is in the air.

Later, at a certain great modiste's, I learned how it began. It began several years ago, and the heroine was a little hair-working girl in the saloons.
Her name was Aline. She needed a spring hat, but had not money enough to buy a new form and new trimming. "Shall I cover my old felt toque with new roses?" she meditated, "or put my white fur trimming on a new straw?"
Well, she did it—never mind which. (All this happened several years ago, and the heroine was a little hair-working girl in the saloons.)
She worked hard the night on the hybrid and wore it down to the shop in the morning. Being a trifle late, she slipped in, unnoticed, and swiftly popped

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Old Fortress May Again Serve as Defense for an Important Trade Route



THE AMMUNITION MAGAZINE, WHICH STANDS IN THE CENTER OF THE FORTRESS.

FORT San Lorenzo, for many years one of the important units in the defense of the isthmus of Panama during the days of the Spanish occupation of most of the western hemisphere, is again to serve in the capacity of defending one of the most important trade routes of the world, the Panama canal.

This time the ancient fortress will be manned by soldiers of the United States, who will serve modern large-caliber guns with ranges of more than twelve miles. The new fortifications which in a measure probably are to replace the ancient ones will form one of the main defense links of the great Gatun locks, at the northern end of the canal.

Old Fort San Lorenzo, or rather the ruins thereof, stands on a high bluff at the mouth of the Rio Chagres and overlooks the town of the same name and the shallow harbor which on numerous occasions sheltered the ships of Christopher Columbus and the Spanish conquistadores who came after him and developed the isthmus of Panama into one of the greatest trade routes in the world of that time. Across it was transported that vast amount of treasure that flowed from the Americas into the treasury of the Spanish king at Madrid. The Rio Chagres was one of the routes across the isthmus, and for that reason was defended at its mouth by the important and heavily garrisoned fortress, San Lorenzo.

Just where the new fortress will stand has not yet been fully decided by the powers that be in Washington. It is believed, however, that the new defenses will consist of a battery of twelve-inch mortars, which will supplement the defenses at Colon. Nor has it been finally decided how large the battery will be, but that has been tentatively fixed at six batteries, which will be placed behind the hill on which the ancient and interesting ruins of San Lorenzo has stood for so many years. These new guns will have a range of not less than twelve miles and will be able to prevent any hostile attempt being made to ascend the Rio Chagres in small boats. The river is too shallow for large craft. The entrance also is protected by a bar and rocky ledge.
Whether the old ruins on the top of the bluff are to be disturbed to make way for the new fortifications is not yet known, but it is thought that they will remain just as they are for many years to come. They, however, will no longer serve as a point of interest to tourists, for the reason that the bluff on which the fort was built has been taken over by the United States as a military reservation, and therefore is no longer open to the public. This is also true of the old village of Chagres, the inhabitants of which

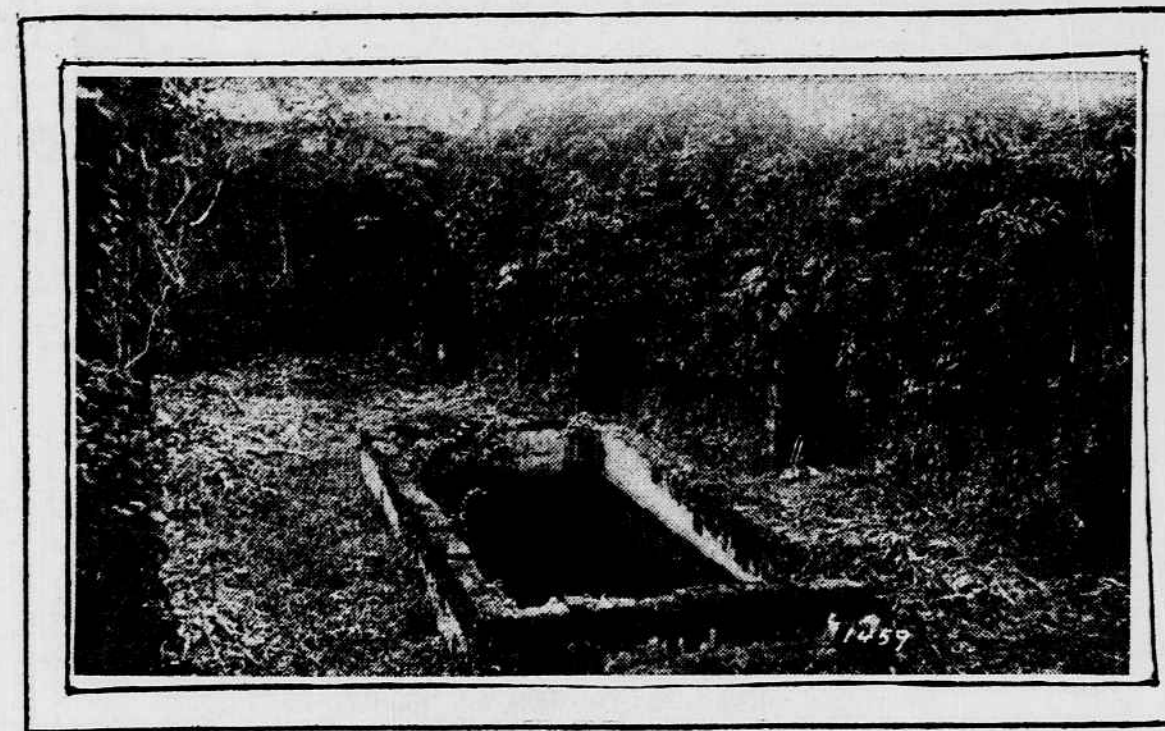
SOLDIERS of the United States May Man Modern, Large-Caliber Guns in Fortifications Once Used by the Spaniards—Abandoned for the Past One Hundred Years, Fortress May Again Be Put to Use—Plans for the New Defenses of Panama Canal—Importance of the Isthmus as a Trade Route—The Rio Chagres and the Ruins Today.

In 1588, about eighteen years after it was destroyed by orders of Admiral Edward Vernon, who, while a member of the English Parliament, declared he could capture Forto Bello, about twenty-five miles east of Port San Lorenzo, with only six ships. He made good his boast, and then for good measure captured and blew up San Lorenzo as well.

The castle of San Lorenzo was first captured and destroyed by Sir Henry Morgan, that ruthless sea rover and pirate having conceived the idea of an attack upon the rich city of Panama, on the opposite side of the isthmus. They could have saved themselves all these difficulties had they remembered that the Camino Real, or Royal road, from Porto Bello to Panama, furnished an easy mode of travel across the isthmus.

It is probable that Morgan believed the fortifications at Porto Bello too strong to capture. This, however, could not have been the case because he had captured that place only two years previous—in 1693; also he probably knew of the Camino Real, wherefor it makes it rather inexplicable that he should have chosen the exceedingly difficult and well defended route up the Rio Chagres.

In January, 1671, Morgan captured the fortress by assault, and before he had captured and destroyed the old city of Panama, on the bay of the isthmus, he had already captured the isthmus, leaving but a mound of debris. Immediately after Morgan's departure from the isthmus, he having in the meantime captured and destroyed the old city of Panama, on the bay of the isthmus, the Spaniards rebuilt Fort



THE CISTERN AND ENTRANCE TO GARRISON QUARTERS.

San Lorenzo on the old site. It was somewhat enlarged and greatly strengthened and garrisoned by a large number of veteran troops. It remained undisturbed in its jungle setting until the arrival of Admiral Vernon, seventy years later—in 1740.

Flushed with his victory at Porto Bello, which was in those days considered one of the strongholds of the Spaniards in the new world, Admiral Vernon determined to add another victory to his triumphs. At Chagres was the important Fort San Lorenzo, a castle of which the Spaniards were exceedingly proud. Vernon knew that after its capture by Morgan the fortress had been strengthened and its garrison greatly increased. He knew also that in the seventy years since Morgan's visit the armament had been increased in size and number. This knowledge, however, did not deter him.

In the interim between his capture of Porto Bello and San Lorenzo Vernon made a voyage to Jamaica to refit his ships, which had received some damage at the hands of the Porto Bello forts. In the afternoon of March 22, 1740, Vernon began a leisurely bombardment of San Lorenzo. This he kept up until 11 o'clock on Monday the 24th, when the Spanish garrison hung out a flag. The terms of the surrender were agreed upon, and at 3 o'clock the same afternoon the Spanish garrison marched out of the fort. On the 25th Vernon blew up the castle of San Lorenzo, and it remained a ruin until 1751, when its reconstruction was commenced.
Although the Camino Real furnished an easier route across the isthmus, the Spaniards felt the necessity of defending the mouth of the Rio Chagres, because it supplied, so to speak, a back door to the new city of Panama, which had been built on a new location about eight miles south of the ruins of Panama Viejo. The King of Spain therefore ordered Don Ignacio de Sala, lieutenant general and governor of Cartagena, to rebuild the fortifications at

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Porto Bello and San Lorenzo. The ruins now to be seen and which are so well preserved are those of the de Sala fortifications and bear witness to the thoroughness and skill with which he carried out his royal master's commands.
As reconstructed the fort was considered, for those days, one of the strongest and best equipped fortifications. In fact, it was looked upon by the Spaniards as virtually impregnable. It mounted many large iron and bronze cannons with a range sufficient to sweep the mouth of the Chagres and quite a distance to seaward. It was protected on three sides by deep water, and on the landward side by a bastion, wherein were mounted other iron and bronze cannons. Most of this ordnance may yet be seen, lying where it has fallen, and half buried in the accumulated debris of many years.
Now, however, the castle resembled the down the side of the bluff into the ocean, while the remainder is almost obscured by a dense jungle growth.

For many years the jungle also held sway over the ancient ruins as well. Then came the tourists and the inquisitive Panama canal worker, and the jungle was cleared away to permit a clear view of the ruins. At the same time the government of Panama began charging for admission to the old fortress. Before the clearing took place many large iron and bronze cannons, however, the castle resembled nothing so much as just what nature had originally made it, a bluff about 200 feet high, washed on three sides by the waters of the ocean and covered by dense tropical growth. Nothing much was to be seen of the massive stone walls and the outlines of the ancient structure were utterly obscured. Close scrutiny revealed a jutting sentry box or a vague outline which gave indications of the structure hidden beneath the growth of ages. The courtyard may be seen the huge cistern which was built to hold the water supply in case of a siege. The small cistern, or inner fort, is well preserved,

as are the portions where the old fortifications were abandoned and allowed to fall into decay. The discovery of gold in California, which was the cause of the isthmus to the fore, but it was only for a very short time. The journey across was made by way of the Chagres river, to Cruces, near its headwaters, thence by way of the Camino Real to a point north of the present City of Panama. The ancient road, the Camino Real, had been abandoned many years before, and now is entirely overgrown and virtually destroyed by the fast-growing jungle. Only here and there may traces of it be seen. The building of the Panama railroad, and the Italian and French peasants, and both the Camino Real and the Chagres river route useless.

With the reconstruction of the old or building of new fortifications at the mouth of the Rio Chagres, Fort San Lorenzo again will play an important part in the defense of the Panama canal. Its new guns may again roar defiance to foes who may come against the isthmus, and there may be traces of the old fortress, but the ruins are so well preserved that they are almost as good as new. The ruins are so well preserved that they are almost as good as new. The ruins are so well preserved that they are almost as good as new.

There are two ways of storing the oil. One is to put it in cisterns lined with cement, the other to place it in large jars varnished on the inside. This latter is the eastern method, and recalls the tale of the Forty Thieves in "The Arabian Nights."

Throughout southern France and Italy oil is one of the principal items of food, taking the place of butter. The traveler often chances upon the laborer making his midday meal of bread, olive oil and a bottle of red wine. If he can add an onion to his menu he counts the result a feast.

The olives of the Riviera and of Italy are not prepared for table use, being of inferior quality for this purpose. Although the peasants eat them. The edible olive of commerce comes principally from Spain.

Like the Central Powers.
POULTNEY BIGELOW, one of the 500 signers of the American note of sympathy to the allies, said the other day: "Germany in her attitude toward international law is exactly like the trolley conductor."

"Excuse me, boss," said the trolley conductor, "but I can't take this dim. It's about the company's got a strict rule ag'in' our acceptin' mutilated coins."
"Oh, indeed?" said the passenger. "Well, my man, you gave me that bent dime yourself last evening."
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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE OF SAN LORENZO. DATE OVER THE ARCH SHOWS IT WAS COMPLETED IN 1758.